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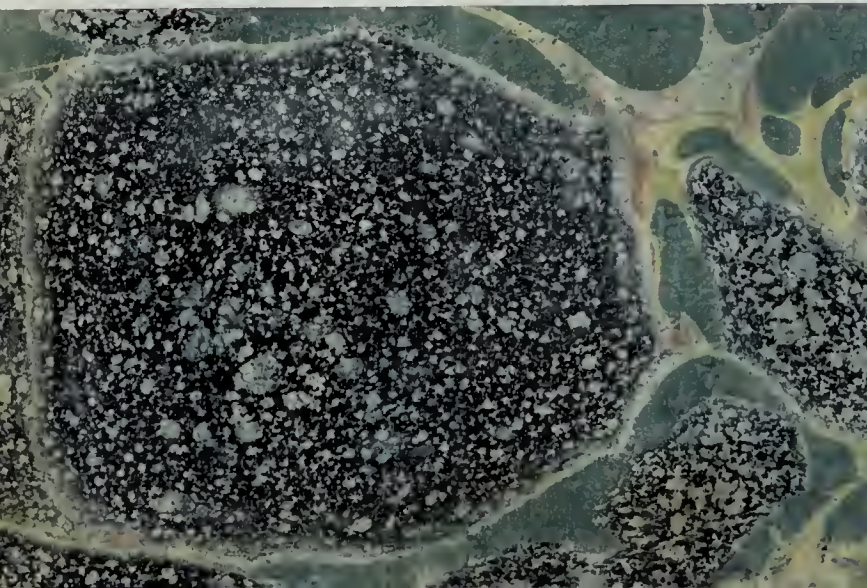
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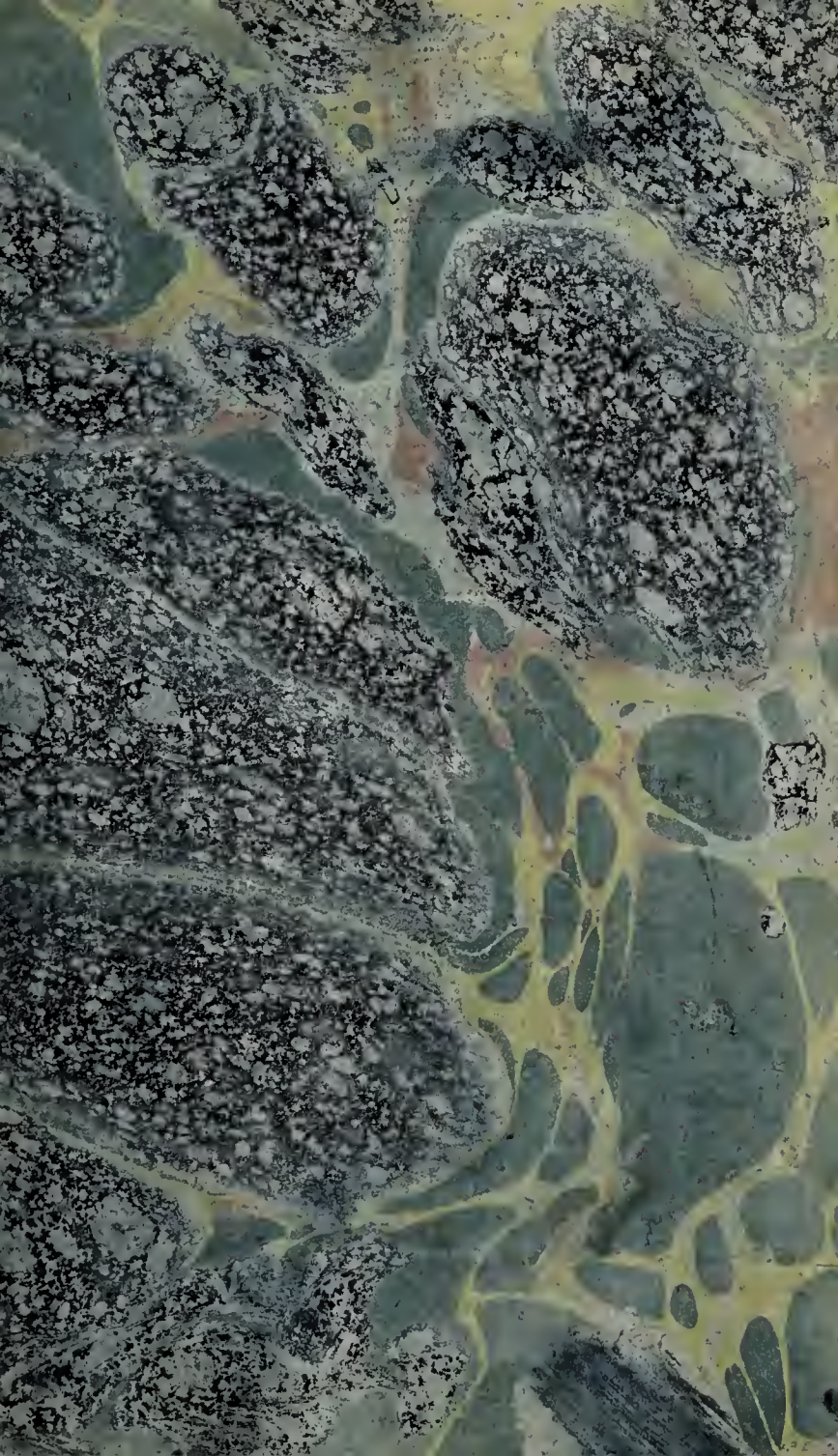
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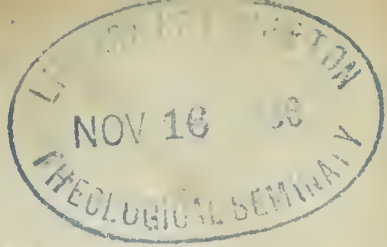
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IV

SELECTION

OF

Psalms and Hymns,

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.



CALCUTTA:

1802.





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PSALM IV.

1. ○ LORD, who art my righteous judge,
To my complaint give ear ;
Thou still redeem'st me from distress,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see ;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
3. Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest ;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

PSALM VIII.

1. ○ THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame ;
Thro' all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !
2. When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight,
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;
3. What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind ?

4. O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou ?
 How glorious is thy name !

Doxology 1st.

PSALM IX.

1. **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare ;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works declare.
2. The Lord for ever lives, who has
 His righteous throne prepar'd ;
 Impartial justice to dispense,
 To punish or reward.
3. All those who have his goodness prov'd
 Will in his truth confide ;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
 That on his help rely'd.

PSALM XVIII.

1. **N**O change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.
2. Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3. All God's designs shall still succeed ;
His word will bear the utmost test ;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.
4. Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless pow'r defend ?
Doxology 3d.

PSALM XIX.

1. GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
2. The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.
3. Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care,
My wants are all supply'd.

2. He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instructs with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
3. I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
4. Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM XXV. 1st Part.

1. **T**HY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.
2. His mercy and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
3. Thro' all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To his blest will incline.

PSALM XXV. 2d Part.

1. **S**INCE mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.
2. The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O! from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release.
3. Do thou with tender eyes
My sad affliction see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Intirely set me free.
4. Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

Doxology 2d.

PSALM XXXI.

1. **T**O thee, the God of truth,
My life and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.
2. Those mercies thou hast shown
I'll cheerfully express;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known
My soul in deep distress.

3. Ye that on God rely,
 Courageously proceed ;
 For he will still your hearts supply
 With strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1. **H**E's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
 No more in judgement to appear ;
 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
 And whose repentance is sincere.
2. While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
 My bones consum'd without relief ;
 All day did I with anguish roar,
 But no complaints alluag'd my grief.
3. No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
 The guilt that tortur'd me within ;
 But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
 And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
4. Thy favor, Lord, in all distress,
 My tow'r of refuge I must own ;
 Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
 And me with songs of triumph crown.
Doxology 3d.

PSALM XXXIII. 1st Part.

1. **L**ET all the just to God with joy,
 Their cheerful voices raise ;
 For well the righteous it becomes,
 To sing glad songs of praise.

2. For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
3. By his almighty word at first,
The heav'nly arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

PSALM XXXIII. 2d Part.

1. **W**HATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart,
To ages shall endure.
2. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes ;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.
3. Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he ;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
4. The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM XXXIV. 1st Part.

1. **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
3. O! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name ;
 When in distrests to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

PSALM XXXIV. 2d Part.

1. **T**HE hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.
2. O! make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide,
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who on his truth confide.
3. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.

4. While hungry lions lack their prey,
 The Lord will food provide
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their needs supply'd.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM XXXIV. 3d Part.

1. **A**PPROACH ye piously dispos'd,
 And my instruction hear ;
 I'll teach you the true discipline
 Of his religious fear.
2. The Lord from heav'n beholds the just
 With favorable eyes ;
 And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries.
3. Deliv'rance to his saints he gives
 When his relief they crave :
 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
 And contrite spirit save.

PSALM XXXVI.

1. **O** LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 Above the heav'nly orb ascends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
2. Thy justice like the hills remains ;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.

3. Since of thy goodnefs all partake,
 With what affurance fhould the juft
 Thy fhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And faints to thy proteftion truft !
4. Such guefts fhall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repaft ;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that fhall for ever laft.
Doxology 3d.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1. **T**HY chaft'ning wrath, O Lord, refrain,
 Tho' I deserve it all ;
 Nor let at once on me the ftorm
 Of thy difpleafure fall.
2. My fins, that to a deluge fwell,
 My finking head o'erflow ;
 And for my feeble ftrength to bear
 Too vaft a burden grow.
3. Forfake me not, O Lord, my God,
 Nor far from me depart ;
 Make hafte to my relief, O thou,
 Who my falvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1. **M**Y heart did glow with working thoughts,
 And no refofe could take,
 Till ftong reflection fann'd the fire,
 And thus at length I fpake :

2. Lord, let me know my term of days,
 How soon my life will end ;
 The num'rous train of ills disclose,
 Which this frail state attend.
- 3 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
 With fruitless care oppress'd ;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be possess'd.
4. Why then should I on worthless toys,
 With anxious care attend ?
 On thee alone my steadfast hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM XL.

1. **I** WAITED meekly for the Lord,
 Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
 Who did his gracious ear afford,
 And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2. The wonders he for me has wrought
 Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;
 And others, to his worship brought,
 To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
3. Who can the wond'rous works recount
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought ?
 The treasures of thy love surmount
 The pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.

PSALM XLII.

1. **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chafe,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine.
3. My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid,
“ Vain boaster, where is now thy God ?
“ And where his prom's'd aid ?”
4. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing,
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM XLIV.

1. **O**LORD, our fathers oft' have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than their's.
2. Awake, arise, let seeming sleep
No longer thee detain ;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
For ever sue in vain.

3. Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
 To our deliv'rance make ;
 Redeem us, Lord, if not for our's,
 Yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM LI. 1st Part.

1. **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou art ever kind ;
 Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.
2. In guilt each part was form'd
 Of all this sinful frame ;
 In guilt I was conceiv'd and born
 The heir of sin and shame.
3. Yet thou, whose searching eye
 Doth inward truth require,
 In secret didst with wisdom's laws,
 My tender soul inspire.
4. Blot out my crying sins,
 Nor me in anger view ;
 Create in me a heart that's clean,
 An upright mind renew.


Doxology 2d.

PSALM LI. Part 2d.

1. **W**ITHDRAW not, Lord, thy help,
 Nor cast me from thy sight ;
 Nor let thy holy Spirit take
 Its everlasting flight.

2. The joy thy favor gives,
Let me again obtain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm support,
My fainting soul sustain.
3. A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

PSALM LVII.

1.  GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
2. Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
3. Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
4. Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here as there obey'd.

Doxology 3d.

PSALM LIX.

1. **O**N thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength .
For succour I depend ;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
Who only canst defend.
2. Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
Thy wond'rous pow'r confess ;
For thou hast been my sure defence,
My refuge in distress.
3. To thee with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my strength, I'll sing ;
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

PSALM LXVII.

1. **T**O blefs thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :
2. That so thy wond'rous way
May thro' the world be known ;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay ;
And thy salvation own.
3. Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4. O let them shout and sing,
 With joy and pious mirth ;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
Doxology 2d.

PSALM LXVIII.

1. **F**OR benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily his great name ador'd ;
 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.
2. How dreadful are the sacred courts,
 Where God has fix'd his awful throne !
 His strength his feeble faints supports ;
 To God give praise and him alone.
3. E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
 And humble profelytes repair
 To worship at thy dwelling place,
 And all the world pay homage there.

PSALM LXXI.

1. **I**N thee I put my stedfast trust,
 Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
 Incline thine ear and save my soul,
 For righteous is thy name.
2. Thy righteous acts and saving health,
 My mouth shall still declare ;
 Unable yet to count them all,
 Tho' summ'd with utmost care.

3. While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on ;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.
4. Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Empty my cheerful voice ;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. **O** LORD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, inthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face.
2. For in thy courts one single day,
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.
3. Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1. **T**HY gracious favor, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

2. For mercy now with truth is join'd,
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
3. Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour ;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.
4. Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare,
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,
With constant zeal and care.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. **T**O my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
2. To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.
3. Thou, Lord, art good ; not only good,
But prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

PSALM XC.

1. **O** LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race ;
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.
2. Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world did'st frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.
3. Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.
4. So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM XCII.

1. **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify.
2. With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat !

3. For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM XCIII.

1. **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
2. How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne !
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
4. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.
Doxology 3d.

PSALM XCV.

1. **O** COME, loud anthems let us sing ;
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

2. Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joy ful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
3. O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our maker fall.

PSALM C.

1. **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
2. Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
3. O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
4. For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CII. 1st Part.

1. **W**HEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
2. My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an ev'ning shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
3. But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,
From age to age shall last.

PSALM CII. 2d Part.

1. **T**HE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands, the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous skill have made.
2. Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away,
And, like a garment often worn
Shall tarnish and decay.
3. Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend:
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

4. Thou to the children of thy saints
 Shall lasting quiet give ;
 Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
 Shall in thy presence live.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM CIII. 1st Part.

1. **M**Y soul inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever blest ;
 Of all his favors mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
2. 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound :
 From danger he thy life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
3. The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
 His willing mercy flies apace.

PSALM CIII. 2d Part.

1. **G**OD will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 And loves his punishments to guide
 More by his love than our desert.
2. For God, who all our frame surveys,
 Considers that we are but clay ;
 How fresh so'er we seem, our days
 Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.

3. The Lord, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.
4. Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.
 Doxology 3d.

PSALM CIV.

1. **B**LESS God my soul; thou Lord, alone
 Possessest empire without bounds;
 With honor thou art crown'd, thy throne
 Eternal majesty surrounds.
2. With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
 And glory for a garment take;
 Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
 Thy canopy of state to make.
3. How various, Lord, thy works are found;
 For which thy wisdom we adore!
 The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
 Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PSALM CV.

1. **O** RENDER thanks and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

2. Sing to his praise ; in lofty hymns
His wond'rous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
3. Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord ; his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM CVI.

1. ○ RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2. Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ;
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgements never stray ;
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

PSALM CVIII.

1. **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent,
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.
2. To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell :
3. Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
4. Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.
Doxology 6th.

PSALM CXI.

1. **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2. His works are all of matchless fame
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

3. Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM CXIII.

1. **Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever blest :
Where-e'er the circling sun displays,
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
2. God thro' the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are :
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
3. Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;
He takes the needy from his cell
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

Doxology 4th.

PSALM CXVIII.

1. ○ PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay :
That his kind favors ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.
2. Far better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the grea'est human pow'r,
For safety to depend.
3. O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove ;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX. 1st Part.

1. HOW blest'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way !
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !
2. Thou strictly hast injoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
3. O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !

4. Then with assurance should I walk,
 From all confusion free ;
 Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
 With thy commands agree.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM CXIX. 2d Part.

1. **B**E gracious to thy servant, Lord ;
 Do thou my life defend,
 That I according to thy word,
 My future time may spend.
2. Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
 That so I may discern
 The wond'rous things which they behold,
 Who thy just precepts learn.
3. Do thou, to thy most just commands,
 Incline my willing heart ;
 Let no desire of worldly wealth,
 From thee my thoughts divert.

PSALM CXIX. 3d Part.

1. **O** LORD, my God, my portion thou
 And sure possession art ;
 Thy words, I stedfastly resolve,
 To treasure in my heart.
2. With all the strength of warm desire,
 I did thy grace implore :
 Disclose, according to thy word,
 Thy mercy's boundless store,

3. With due reflection and strict care,
On all my ways I thought ;
And so reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wand'ring steps I brought.
4. O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed ;
O make me then exactly learn,
Thy sacred paths to tread.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM CXIX. 4th Part.

1. **W**ITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord ;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
2. Before affliction stopp'd my course
My footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.
3. Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so ;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

PSALM CXIX. 5th Part.

1. **'T**IS good for me, that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod ;
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

2. That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And, that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
3. To me thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display;
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
4. Directed by thy heav'nly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness, of any kind,
Dominion have o'er me.
Doxology 1st.

PSALM CXIX. 6th Part.

1. **T**O my request, and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord:
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to thy word.
2. Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
3. Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou, thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

PSALM CXXX.

1. **M**Y soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.
2. My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More doly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
3. Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows.
4. Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.
Doxology 2d.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1. **T**O God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2. To him whose wond'rous pow'r
 All other Gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 This grateful homage pay :
 For God does prove
 Our constant friend
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

3. He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live ;
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give :
 For God will prove
 Our constant friend,
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1. WITH my whole heart, my God and
 King,
 Thy praise I will proclaim ;
 Before the Gods with joy I'll sing,
 And bless thy holy name.

2. I'll worship at thy sacred seat
 And, with thy love inspir'd ;
 The praises of thy truth repeat,
 O'er all thy works admir'd.

3. Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
 When I to thee did cry ;
 And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
 Didst inward strength supply.
4. The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state ;
 And, mindful of his favors past,
 Shall his own work complete.
- Doxology 1st.*

PSALM CXXXIX.

1. **T**H O U, Lord, by strictest search hast
 known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.
2. Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart ;
 If mischief lurks in any part ;
 Correct me, where I go astray,
 And guide me, in thy perfect way.
3. Let me acknowledge too, O God,
 That, since this maze of life I trod,
 Thy thoughts of love to me, surmount
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.

PSALM CXLIII.

1. **L**ORD, hear my pray'r ; and to my cry
 Thy wonted audience lend ;
 In thy accusom'd faith and truth,
 A gracious answer send.

2. Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be try'd ;
For, in thy sight, no living man
Can e'er be justify'd.
3. I call to mind the days of old,
And wonders thou hast wrought ;
My former dangers, and escapes
Employ my musing thought.
4. Thou art my God ; thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey :
Let thy good spirit lead, and keep
My soul in thy right way.

Doxology . 1st.

PSALM CXLV. 1st Part.

1. **T**HREE I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy name.
2. Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy majesty with boundless height
Above our knowledge rais'd.
3. Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works express,
The world, with me, thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

PSALM CXLV. 2d Part.

1. **T**HE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise :
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.
2. Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives ;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.
3. How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways ;
How nigh to him who with firm trust
For his assistance prays !
4. My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame ;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever blefs his name.

Doxology 1st.

PSALM CXLVI.

1. **O** PRAISE the Lord ; and thou, my soul,
For ever blefs his name :
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
2. Thrice happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

3. The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his steadfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1. YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame;
 His praise your songs employ,
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim
 And Seraphim
 To sing his praise.
2. Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him, your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.
3. Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last
 From changes free:
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

Doxology 5th.

PSALM CXLIX.

1. ○ PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your
glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion be glad in their King.
2. Let them, his great name extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp, his praises express,
Who, always takes pleasure his saints to
advance,
And with his salvation the humble to bless.
3. By angels in heav'n of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd,
To God, three in person, one God, ever
bless'd;
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

PSALM CL.

1. ○ PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely
flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
2. Praise him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3. Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltiy's silver sound.
4. Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

Doxology 3d.



DOXOLOGIES.

FIRST.

COMMON MEASURE.

To Father, Son; and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, in now,
And shall be evermore.

SECOND.

SHORT MEASURE.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be ;
As 'twas and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

THIRD.

LONG MEASURE.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

FOURTH.

AS PSALM 113.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
 And suff'ring faints on earth adore,
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

FIFTH.

AS PSALM 148.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever bless'd,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be address'd
 As heretofore,
 It was, is now
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

SIXTH.

FOR A DOUBLE TUNE, COMMON
MEASURE.

To God our benefactor bring
 The tribute of your praise,
 Too small for an Almighty King,
 But all that we can raise;
 Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
 The God whom we adore,
 As was, and is, and shall be done
 When time shall be no more.

SEVENTH.

FOR A DOUBLE TUNE, SHORT
MEASURE.

Let God the Maker's name
 Have honor, love and fear,
 To God the Saviour pay the same,
 And God the Comforter.
 Father of lights above,
 Thy mercy we adore,
 The Son of thy eternal love,
 And Spirit of thy pow'r.

EIGHTH.

FOR A DOUBLE TUNE, LONG MEA-
SURE.

Now God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore,
 That sea of life and love unknown
 Without a bottom or a shore.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
 By all on earth and all in heav'n.



FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

HYMN I.

1. **H** A R K the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
2. On him the spirit largely pour'd,,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breath inspire.
3. He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
4. He comes, from thickest films of voice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
5. He comes, the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring,
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN II.

1. **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng ;
 For angels no such love have known,
 T' awake a cheerful song.
2. Good will to sinful men is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv'n ;
 For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
 With messages from heav'n.
3. Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn ;
 Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
 To us a Child is born.
4. Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds, be paid ;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.
5. When shall we reach those blissful realms,
 Where Christ exalted reigns,
 And learn of the celestial choir,
 Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN III.

1. **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new born King;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd :
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new born King.

2. Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb :
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity :
 Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hark, the herald, &c.

3. Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings :
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark, the herald, &c.

4. Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home :
 Rise the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Re-instate us in thy love.

Hark, the herald, &c.

HYMN IV.

1. **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
 To hail th' auspicious day.
2. In heav'n the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire,
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
3. Down thro' the portals of the sky,
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
4. Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song :
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

5. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 " Glory to God on high ;
 " Good-will and peace are now complete,
 " Jesus was born to die."
6. Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN V.

1. **T**HE King of Glory sends his Son,
 To make his entrance on this earth ;
 Behold the midnight bright as noon,
 And heav'nly hosts declare his birth !
2. About the young Redeemer's head,
 What wonders and what glories meet !
 An unknown star arose and led,
 The eastern sages to his feet.
3. Simeon and Anna both conspire,
 The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
 Inward they felt the sacred fire,
 And blest'd the Babe and own'd his name.
4. Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
 And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
 Our souls adore th' eternal God,
 Who condescended to be born.

HYMN VI.

1. **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light ;
Nations that far in death's cold shade,
Are blest'd with beams divinely bright.
2. The Virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold th' expected Child appear !
What shall his names or titles be ?
" The Wonderful, the Counsellor !"
3. The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.
4. Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his Father David's throne ;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN VII.

1. **S**WEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
2. When he came, the angels sung,
" Glory be to God on high ;"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I ?

3. Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And can't thou, my tongue, be still?
4. No, I must my praises bring,
Tho' they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
5. O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

HYMN VIII.

1. **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.
2. Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness,
On our dead souls was found;
Yet did he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3. When justice bar'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord,
 Cry'd, "let it still alone."
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.
4. Jesus, thy speaking blood,
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd,
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year.
5. Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let much gracious fruit,
 To thy great praise abound :
 O! let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN IX.

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies, O! my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

3. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom these comforts flow'd.
4. Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
5. When nature fails, and day and night,
Divide thy works no more ;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
6. Thro' all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For Oh ! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN X:

1. ○ GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
2. Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3. Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, " Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.
4. But " I am with you," saith the Lord :
" My faints shall safe abide :
" Nor will I e'er forsake my own,
" For whom the Saviour dy'd."
5. Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
Thy promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.
6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard, while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

HYMN XI.

1. **M**Y GOD, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
2. Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thy anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

3. Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song,
The joy and labour of their tongue.
4. But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ;
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

HYMN XII.

1. **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
4. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN XIII.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 G By which supported still we stand :
 The op'ning year thy mercy shews,
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted, or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Ador'd thro' all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence, mortal tongues,
 Our helper God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.
6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN XIV.

1. **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd,
To bleed and die for thee.
2. Hark how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
3. 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
" 'Tis finish'd !" Jesus cries ;
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.
4. But soon o'er death he'll reign again,
In Majesty divine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN XV.

1. **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN XVI.

1. **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done !
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me ;
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree ;
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
My Lord, my God, is crucify'd.
2. Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace :
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his !
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd,
My Lord, my God, is crucify'd.
3. Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God :
Believe, believe, the record true,
That we are bought with Jesus' blood ;
Pardon and life flow from his side,
My Lord; my God, is crucify'd.

4. Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream :
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside,
 My Lord, my God, is crucify'd.

HYMN XVII.

1. **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief ;
 He saw, and (O amazing love !)
 He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
4. O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
5. Angels assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN XVIII.

1. **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
 And did my Sov'reign die;
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd
 For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dread cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away:
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN XIX.

1. **M**Y Saviour, thou did'st shed
 Thy precious blood for me;
 Oh dwell within my worthless heart,
 And let me live to thee.

2. Thou callest me, O Lord,
 To come to thee and live ;
 I therefore come with all my sins ;
 I know thou can't forgive.
3. My Lord and Saviour dear !
 I long to see thy face ;
 To know thee more and more by faith,
 And daily grow in grace.
4. And when this life is o'er
 Oh may I dwell with thee ;
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

HYMN XX.

1. **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load !
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains :
 Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King !
 " Born to redeem ! and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" where's thy sting ?
 " And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

FOR EASTER DAY.

HYMN XXI.

1. **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
2. The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to day,
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise and pray.
3. One day amidst the place,
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
 Of pleasurable sin.
4. My willing soul would stay,
 In such a frame as this ;
 And sit, and sing herself away,
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN XXII.

1. YES the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er his hellish foes,
 High rais'd his conqu'ring head :

In wild dismay,
 The guards around,
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.

2. Lo ! the angelic bands,
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet ;

Joyful they come ;
 And wing their way
 From realms of day,
 To Jesus' tomb.

3. Then back to heav'n they fly,
 The joyful news to bear :
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !

Their anthems say,
 " Jesus who bled
 Hath left the dead ;
 " He rose to-day."

4. Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by him from hell;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell;

Transported cry,
 " Jesus who bled
 Hath left the dead
 " No more to die."

5. All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God!

With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And Empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

HYMN XXIII.

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
2. Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
4. Lives again our glorious King
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
5. What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
6. Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection thou.

HYMN XXIV.

1. **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
2. At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
Its dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.

3. All hail triumphant Lord,
 Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
 While earth in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
 Thro' endless years to live and reign.
4. Gird on, great God, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conqu'ring car
 While justice, truth, and love
 Maintain the glorious war :
 Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and death in triumph lead.
5. Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart :
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN XXV:

1. **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high :
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 " Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 " Ye everlasting doors, give way."

3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in !
4. " Who is the King of Glory, who ?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.
5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
" Ye everlasting doors give way."
6. " Who is the King of Glory, who ?"
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

FOR ASCENSION DAY.

HYMN XXVI.

1. **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
2. Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3. See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With wounds of glory in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
4. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode ;
Sweet be the accents of our songs
To our incarnate God.
5. Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HYMN XXVII.

1. **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the Sov'reign King !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus our God, ascends on high !
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth his honors sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
 Let knowledge lead the song ;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
4. Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

FOR WHIT SUNDAY.

HYMN XXIX.

1. **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of our's.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
3. Great God ! and shall we ever be,
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
4. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle our's.

HYMN XXX.

1. **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid,
The world's foundations first were laid ;
Come visit ev'ry pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy Thee.
2. Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing :
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us all the way.

3. Illumine our dull darken'd sight,
Thou source of uncreated light ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
. Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.
4. Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee.

HYMN XXXI.

1. **C**OME, blessed Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
2. Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
3. Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN XXXII.

1. **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
 Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.
2. Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger, and our refuge too.
3. Thy pow'r and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin ;
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
 Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN XXXIII.

1. **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And warm with uncreated fire!
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gift impart :
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2. Enable with perpetual light,
The dullness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer us all our days,
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Our foes convert, give peace at home ;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
3. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee ; a Trinity in One :
That thro' the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song ;
All praise to thy eternal love ;
Great Father, Son, and mystic Dove!

FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. **F**ATHER of Glory, to thy name,
Immortal praise we give,
Who doth an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us-rebels live.
2. Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.
3. To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to Thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4. Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
5. Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One gen'ral song to raise ;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine,
In harmony and praise.

HYMN XXXV.

1. **B**LEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
2. Glory to thee, great Son of God !
Forth from whose wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
3. We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore ;
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious;
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
2. Come thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword—
 Our pray'r attend!
 Come! and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success,
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!
3. Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of Pow'r!
4. To the great One in Three,
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence—evermore!
 His Sov'reign Majesty,
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

HYMN XXXVII.

1. ○ FATHER of heav'n! be ever ador'd,
 Thy mercy we find, in sending our
 Lord
 To ransom and bless us; thy goodness we
 praise,
 For sending, in Jesus, salvation by grace.
2. O Son of his love! who deign'dst to die,
 Our curse to remove, our pardon to buy,
 Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
 Who openest heaven to all that believe.
3. O Spirit of love, of health, and of pow'r!
 Thy working we prove, thy grace we
 adore;
 Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's
 blood,
 Attesting and sealing us children of God.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1. LET God the Father live
 For ever on our tongues;
 Sinners from his free love derive
 The ground of all their songs.
2. Ye saints, employ your breath
 In honor to the Son,
 Who bought your souls from hell and death,
 By off'ring up his own.

3. Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and pow'r and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
4. While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
5. To the great One in Three,
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. I GIVE immortal praise,
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.
2. To God the Son belongs,
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us by his blood,
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3. To God the Spirit's name,
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
4. Almighty God! to Thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One :
 Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN XL.

1. **G**LORY to God, the Father's name,
 To Jesus, who for sinners dy'd ;
 The holy Spirit claims the same,
 By whom our souls are sanctify'd.
2. Thy praise was sung when time began
 By angels, thro' the starry spheres ;
 And shall, as now, be sung by man
 Thro' vast eternity's long years.



HYMN XLI.

1. **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN XLII.

1. **T**HE Lord supplies his people's need,
 Jehovah is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes them feed,
 Beside the living stream.
2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways ;
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.
3. When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 A word of thy supporting breath,
 Drives all my fears away.

4. Thy hand in fight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings o'erflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
5. The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days ;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise.
6. There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come ;)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

HYMN XLIII.

1. COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
2. He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound,
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
3. Come worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4. To day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

HYMN XLIV.

1. **B**LESS'D is the man, for ever blest'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
2. Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord,
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works, but grace, relies.
3. From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And joint to prove his faith sincere.
4. How glorious is that righteousness,
 That hides and cancels all his sins!
 While a bright evidence of grace,
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

HYMN XLV.

1. **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2. No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
But thou hast set before our eyes,
An all sufficient sacrifice.
3. Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears ;
Assumes a body well prepar'd
And well performs a work so hard.
4. " Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes ;
" I come to bear the heavy load
" Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
5. " 'Tis written in thy great decree,
" 'Tis in thy book foretold of me ;
" I must fulfil the Saviour's part ;
" And, lo! thy law is in my heart.
6. " The Spirit shall descend and show,
" What thou hast done, and what I do ;
" The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
" Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

HYMN XLVI.

- I. **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour;
That vision so divine!
3. Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
4. Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN XLVII.

1. **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
2. Trust him, ye faints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
3. Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

4. For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne;
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
 Shall well divide our last reward.

HYMN XLVIII.

1. ○ THAT the Lord would guide my
 ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will!
2. O send thy Spirit down to write,
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.
4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord;
 But keep my conscience clear.

HYMN XLIX.

1. HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer, lest I die;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace
 To hear when sinners cry?

2. My days are wasted, like the smoke,
Dissolving in the air ;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
3. My spirits flag, like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat ;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
4. As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

HYMN L.

1. ○ ! BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
2. They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.
3. While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4. Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne ;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

HYMN LI.

1. SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my Almighty God:
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.
2. How great the works his hand has wrought !
 How glorious in our fight !
 And men in ev'ry age have fought
 His wonders with delight.
3. How most exact is nature's frame !
 How wise th' eternal mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
4. When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure :
 The orders that his lips pronounce,
 To endless years endure.
5. Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?

6. To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill ;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 That best obeys thy will.

HYMN LII.

1. **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
 Declares its Maker God,
 And all his starry works on high
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
2. In ev'ry diff'rent land
 Their gen'ral voice is known ;
 They shew the wonders of his hand
 And orders of his throne.
3. His statutes and commands
 Are set before our eyes ;
 He puts his gospel in our hands
 Where our salvation lies.
4. His laws are just and pure,
 His truth without deceit,
 His promises for ever sure,
 And his rewards are great.
5. Not honey to the taste
 Affords so much delight,
 Nor gold that has the furnace past
 So much allures the sight.

6. While of thy works I sing
 Thy glory to proclaim ;
 Accept the praise, my God, my King,
 In my Redeemer's Name.

HYMN LIII.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and
 sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound ;
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
4. Yes ! I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
5. Sin (my worst enemy before)
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

6. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired, or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN LIV.

1. **W**HAT sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
 I shall behold thy blisful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
2. This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
3. O glorious hour ! O blest'd abode,
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN LV.

1. **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee,
 The notice of thine eye.

2. Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within ;
And e'er my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
4. O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide !
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HYMN LVI.

1. **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;
And born unholy and unclean :
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
2. Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3. Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.
4. Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
5. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
6. Jesus, my God ! thy blood alone,
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

HYMN LVII.

1. **S**HEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
2. My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace :
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden veng'ance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Ye save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN LVIII.

1. **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
2. Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near ;
When will thy hand release my feet,
Out of the deadly snare ?

3. When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod.
4. The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe ;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
5. With ev'ry morning light
My sorrows new begin ;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sin.

HYMN LIX.

1. SOON as I heard my Father say,
" Ye children, seek my grace ?"
My heart reply'd without delay,
" I'll seek my Father's face."
2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
3. Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die ;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4. My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 To see thy grace provide relief;
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
5. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling faints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

HYMN LX.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely,
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure:
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
3. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns :
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

HYMN LXI.

1. **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song and join the praise.
2. I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Not all thy works and names below,
 So much thy pow'r and glory show.
3. Amid'st a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
4. Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins ;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

HYMN LXII.

1. **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory sing.
2. God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.
4. How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
5. Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN LXIII.

1. **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favors claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives,
The hourly follies of our lives.
4. Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
5. His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
6. Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

HYMN LXIV.

1. **R**EJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh !
Who can this King of Glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

2. Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
3. Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest'd abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

HYMN LXV.

1. **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
2. He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun, and moon, shall shine no more.
3. He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
4. Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

HYMN LXVI.

1. **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
3. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here ye may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
4. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows;
Like floods of milk and wine.
5. Great God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.
6. The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN LXVII.

1. **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LXVIII:

1. **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2. With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew !
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN LXIX.

1. SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard ?
2. " I was his chief delight,
" His everlasting Son,
" Before the first of all his works,
" Creation was begun.
3. " When he pour'd out the sea,
" And spread the flowing deep,
" I gave the flood a firm decree
" In its own bounds to keep.
4. " Upon the empty air
" The earth was balanc'd well ;
" With joy I saw the mansion where
" The sons of men should dwell.

5. " My busy thoughts at first
 " On their salvation ran,
 " E'er sin was born, or Adam's dust
 " Was fashion'd to a man.
6. " Then come, receive my grace,
 " Ye children, and be wise ;
 " Happy the man that keeps my ways,
 " The man that shuns them dies.

HYMN LXX.

1. **L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
 How great our guilt has been ;
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
2. But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
3. 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
 Abounding through his Son.
4. 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5. 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe,
 On such dry bones as we.
6. Rais'd from the dead we live anew ;
 And justify'd by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

HYMN LXXI.

1. **H**OW oft have sin and satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee my God?
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
2. The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
3. Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this bless'd refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.
4. The gospel bears my spirit up ;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN LXXII.

1. **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
2. His honor is engag'd to save,
 The meanest of his sheep ;
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.
3. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
 His fav'rites from his breast ;
 In the blest'd bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

HYMN LXXIII.

1. **J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That ever angels bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
2. Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues would bless thy name ;
 By Thee the joyful news,
 Of our salvation came :
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

3. Jesus, our great high Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;
Our guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His pow'ful blood did once atone ;
And now it pleads before the throne.
4. Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

PSALM LXXIV.

1. **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world be-
gone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
2. When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.
3. Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land ;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of heav'n, a glimpse of Thee.

4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In Thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN LXXV.

1. **C**OME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
2. Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God ;
 But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
3. The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please ;
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas :
4. This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our love ;
 He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
 To carry us above.
5. There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin :
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

6. Then let our songs abound;
 And ev'ry tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground;
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN LXXVI.

1. **O** WHAT most gentle terms,
 What condescending ways
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heav'nly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me.
2. Array'd in mortal flesh,
 He like an Angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands:
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.
3. Be thou my Counsellor,
 My pattern, and my guide;
 And thro' this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side.
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!
4. My great Almighty Lord,
 My Conqu'ror, and my King,
 Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

HYMN LXXVII.

1. **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast:
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
2. Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know, and tremble too,
 But satan cannot love.
4. This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1. **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
2. Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.

3. Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt ;
While weighty sorrows prefs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.
4. Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay ;
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
5. Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains!

HYMN LXXIX.

1. **B**RIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat :
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
2. Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right-hand ;
Eternal justice guards thy throne
And vengeance waits thy dread command.
3. A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who amongst the songs of light
Pretends comparison with Thee.

4. Yet there is one of human frame,
 Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery to claim
 A full equality with God.
5. Their glory shines with equal beams ;
 Their essence is for ever one,
 Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
 The Father God, and God the Son.
6. Then let the name of Christ our King
 With equal honors be ador'd ;
 His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
 And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN LXXX.

1. **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.
2. In darkest shades if he appear,
 My dawning is begun !
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.
3. The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am his.

4. Draw me, O God, with sov'reign grace,
 And lift my thoughts on high,
 That I may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

HYMN LXXXI.

1. **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we!
2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
3. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
4. Great God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.
5. Infinite joy or endless woe
 Attends on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death!

6. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And when our souls are called hence,
 May they be found with God,

HYMN LXXXII.

1. PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To him that earth's foundation laid ;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.
2. Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word,
 And there as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.
3. Firm are the words his prophets give,
 Sweet words, on which his children live ;
 Each of them is the voice of God
 Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
4. Each of them pow'rful as that sound
 That bid the new-made world go round ;
 And stronger than the solid poles
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.
5. Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
 Slowly, alas, our mind receives
 The comforts that our Maker gives.

6. Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith!
 T' embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heav'n our own.

HYMN LXXXIII.

1. SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound;
 A cordial for our fears.
2. Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
3. Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb;
 To Thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1. HOW sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.
2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

3. My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I wou'd believe thy promise, Lord ;
O ! help my unbelief.
4. To the blest'd fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

HYMN LXXXV.

1. **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
3. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
4. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire ;
And yet, how far from thee I lie !
Bless'd Jesus raise me higher.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1. **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
E'er we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide,
4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God :
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
5. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
6. Sion enjoys her Sov'reign's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r

HYMN LXXXVII.

1. COME, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to Almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
2. So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.
3. Thy hands, blest'd Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform,
 The vengeance of a God.
4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the land errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1. MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
4. Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN LXXXIX.

1. **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
3. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

4. Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN XC.

1. **D**EAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood ?
2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three,
 Are terrors to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins :
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

HYMN XCI.

1. **O**H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace !

2. Sweet majesty, and awful love,
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above,
 At humble distance bow.
3. Princes to his imperial name
 Bend their bright sceptres down ;
 Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
 To see him wear the crown.
4. This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore ;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

HYMN XCII.

1. **T**HE dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favors borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
2. 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave ;
 He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
 He takes but what he gave.
3. Peace, all our angry passions then ;
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And ev'ry murmur die.

4. If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN XCIII.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run :
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. Where he displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
3. The saints shall flourish in his days,
 Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
 Peace, like a river, from his throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.
4. Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN XCIV.

1. THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord ;
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run :
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
5. Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6. Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

HYMN XCV.

1. **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2. When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
3. What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
4. There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.
5. Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come,
We walk by faith, as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN XCVI.

1. **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell ;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
2. No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more ;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3. There's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
4. Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

HYMN XCVII.

1. **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be deny'd
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN XCVIII.

1. **G**RACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
2. Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.
3. They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil,
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.
4. Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne ;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

HYMN XCIX.

1. **B**LESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor satan dares condemn.

- 3: The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives;
 Isr'el thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 'C.

1. **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
 To him that rolls the skies.
2. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
3. Thousands of precious souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
4. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN CI.

1. **D**READ Sovereign, let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue,
 To reach the lofty skies.

2. Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard ;
 And still to drive my wants away,
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
3. What have I done for him that dy'd
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiply'd,
 Fast as my minutes roll !
4. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 Unto thy cross I flee ;
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by Thee.

HYMN CII.

1. **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well 'appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. Faith in his name forbids my fear :
 O may thy presence ne'er depart ;
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

HYMN CIII.

1. **I**S this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow !
2. To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduc'd our mind !
 What strange rebellious sinners we,
 And God as strangely kind !
3. Turn, turn us, Mighty God !
 And mould our souls afresh ;
 Break, Sov'reign Grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.
4. Let old ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes ;
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN CIV.

1. **I**LIFT my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name :
 Let not my foes that seek my blood
 Still triumph in my shame.

2. Sin and the pow'rs of hell
 Persuade me to despair ;
 Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.
3. From the first dawning light,
 Till the dark ev'ning rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever-longing eyes.
4. Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth ;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
5. The Lord is just and kind ;
 The meek shall learn his ways ;
 And ev'ry humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.
6. For his own goodness sake,
 He saves my soul from shame :
 He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
 Thro' my Redeemer's name.

HYMN CV.

1. **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
 How good thy works appear !
 Open my eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there.

2. My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due ;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.
3. Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not my path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
4. When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

HYMN CVI.

1. **M**Y helper God! I bless his name :
The same his pow'r, his grace the same ;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
2. I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
3. Thus far his arm has led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4. My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more :
 Then bear, in his bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN CVII.

1. **J**EHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
 Still pregnant with delight ;
 It scatters round a cheerful beam,
 To gild the darkest night.
2. What tho' our mortal comforts fade,
 And drop like with'ring flow'rs ?
 Nor time nor death can break that band,
 Which makes Jehovah our's.
3. My cares, I give you to the wind,
 And shake you off like dust ;
 Well may I trust my all with him,
 With whom my soul I trust.

HYMN CVIII.

1. **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.
2. While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy and rev'ence view
 An heav'nly Parent nigh.

3. Tho' your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd twigs ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
4. "I'll give the mourners," saith the Lord,
 "In mine own house a place,
 "No names of daughters and of sons,
 "Could yield so high a grace.
5. "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope,
 "A rising race can give;
 "In endless honor and delight
 "My children all shall live."
6. We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Thro' which thy face we see,
 And bless those wounds, which thro' our
 hearts
 Prepare a way for thee.

HYMN CIX.

1. **A**ND will the Majesty of heav'n
 Accept us for his sheep?
 And with a shepherd's tender care
 Such worthless creatures keep?
2. And will he spread his guardian arms
 Round our defenceless head?
 And cause us gently to lie down
 In his refreshing shade?

3. And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Thro' pastures ever green ?
4. What thanks can mortal men repay
For favors great as thine ?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine ?
5. Eternal God, how mean are we !
How richly gracious thou !
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

HYMN CX.

1. **A**ND will the judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
2. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before his face
Astonish'd shrink away ?
3. But e'er that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread !

4. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
5. So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head,

HYMN CXI.

1. **W**HY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?
2. Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And furnish an immortal mind?
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?
3. Th' Eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
4. Almighty God, thy pow'r impart
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest sinner wise.

HYMN CXII.

1. **I**N raptures let our hearts ascend
Our heav'nly seats to view,
And grateful trace that shining path,
Our rising Saviour drew.
2. "Up to my Father, and my God,
I go;" (the Conqu'ror cries)
"Up to your Father, and your God,
My brethren, lift your eyes."
3. And doth the Lord of Glory call
Such worms his brethren dear?
And doth he point to heav'n's high throne,
And shew our Father there?
4. And doth he teach my sinful lips
That tuneful sound, my God?
And breathe his spirit on my heart
To shed his grace abroad?
5. O world, produce a good like this,
And thou shalt have my love;
Till then, my Father claims it all,
And Christ, who dwells above.

HYMN CXIII.

1. **D**ESCEND, immortal Dove;
Spread thy kind wings abroad,
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.

2. Jesus my Lord reveal,
 In charms of grace divine,
 And be thyself the sacred seal,
 That Pearl of price is mine.
3. Behold my heart expands
 To catch the heav'nly fire ;
 It longs to feel the gentle bands,
 And pants with strong desire.
4. Thy love, my God, appears,
 And brings salvation down,
 My cordial thro' this vale of tears,
 In paradise my crown.

HYMN CXIV.

1. **F**OUNTAIN of comfort and of love,
 Thy streams, how free they flow !
 Whilst wat'ring all the world above,
 They visit us below !
2. From Christ, the head, what grace descends
 To cherish ev'ry part !
 He shares his joys with all his friends,
 For all have shar'd his heart.
3. What tho' the sorrows here they feel
 Are manifold and great ?
 He brings new consolations still,
 As various, and as sweet.

4. He shews our num'rous sins forgiv'n,
 And shews our cov'nant God;
 He witnesseth our right to heav'n,
 The purchase of his blood.

HYMN CXV.

1. **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to my ear!
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound
 And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heav'nly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown
 Thro' everlasting days;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

HYMN CXVI.

1. **A**WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on:
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
4. Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee
 Have I my race begun ;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 I'll lay mine honors down.

HYMN CXVII.

1. **M**Y God, how cheerful is the sound,
 How pleasant to repeat ?
 Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
 Where God hath fix'd his seat.
2. What want shall not our God supply
 From his abounding stores ?
 What streams of mercy from on high
 An arm Almighty pours ?
3. From Christ, the ever living spring,
 These ample blessings flow :
 Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
 Whose heart hath lov'd us so.

4. Now to our Father and our God
 Be endless glory giv'n,
 Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
 And thro' the highest heav'n.

HYMN CXVIII.

1. **E**TERNAL source of life and thought,
 Be all beneath thyself forgot;
 Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.
2. Whilst in themselves our souls survey
 Of thee some faint reflected ray,
 'They wond'ring to their Father rise;
 His pow'r how vast! his thoughts how wise!
3. Behold us as thine offspring, Lord,
 And do not cast us off abhorr'd;
 Nor let thy hand, so long our joy,
 Be rais'd in vengeance to destroy.
4. O may we live before thy face,
 The willing subjects of thy grace,
 And thro' each path of duty move
 With filial awe, and filial love.

HYMN CXIX.

1. **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name;
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Pain would I found it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n should hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust :
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is fordid dust.
3. All my capacious pow'rs can wish
 In thee doth richly meet :
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
5. I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath ;
 Then speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

HYMN CXX.

1. PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
 With uncreated glories bright !
 His presence gilds the worlds above ;
 Th' unchanging source of light and love.
2. Our rising earth his eye beheld,
 When in substantial darkness veil'd ;
 The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
 Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3. Let there be light, Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread ;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new born lustre shone.
4. He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
5. Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine,
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

HYMN CXXI.

1. **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be ;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN CXXII.

1. I WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away !
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
2. Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
3. Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4. Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame !
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.
5. Raise again the joyful sound
Let the nations roll it round !
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

HYMN CXXIII.

1. **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow :
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no ?
2. I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
3. I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
4. My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5. Thy saints are comforted I know,
 And love thy house of pray'r ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
6. O make this heart rejoice, or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

HYMN CXXIV.

1. **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
3. Bless'd dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
6. Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !
7. 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine,

HYMN CXXV.

1. **F**IERCE passions discompose the mind,
 As tempests vex the sea ;
 But calm content and peace we find,
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.
2. In vain by reason and by rule,
 We try to bend the will ;
 For none, but in the Saviour's school,
 Can learn the heav'nly skill.
3. Since at his feet my soul has sat,
 His gracious words to hear ;
 Contented with my present state,
 I cast on him my care.

4. " Art thou a sinner, soul ?" he said,
 " Then how canst thou complain ?
 " How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
 " With everlasting pain !
5. " If thou of murin'ring would'st be cur'd,
 " Compare thy griefs with mine ;
 " Think what my love for thee endur'd,
 " And thou wilt not repine.
6. " In life my grace shall strength supply,
 " Proportion'd to thy day ;
 " At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
 " To wipe thy tears away."

HYMN CXXVI.

1. **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to light ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
2. A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to ev'ry age,
 It gives, but borrows none.
3. The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.

4. Let everlasting thanks be thine!
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heav'nly day.
5. My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love ;
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

HYMN CXXVII.

1. **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
3. Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN CXXVIII.

1. O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
3. No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
4. Thy favor, all my journey thro',
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

5. Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth!
6. But ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN CXXIX.

1. **H**OW blest thy creature is, O God,
 When, with a single eye,
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day-spring from on high!
2. Thro' all the forms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things;
 The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
 With healing on his wings.
3. Struck by that light, the human heart,
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.
4. The soul, a dreary province once,
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heav'nly reign.

HYMN CXXX.

1. **T**O tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise him when he grants,
Beyond what I can ask.
2. My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.
3. Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
Such secrets to declare;
Like precious wines, their taste they lose,
Expos'd to open air.
4. But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear,
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.
5. And can you frown, my former friends
Who knew what once I was;
And blame the song that thus commends
The Man who bore the cross?
6. Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honor may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

HYMN CXXXI.

1. **O**F all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.
2. Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain ;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.
3. Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuse to see ;
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.
4. Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure !
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.
5. We praise Thee, and would praise Thee more,
To Thee our all we owe ;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

HYMN CXXXII.

1. **A**LMIGHTY King! whose wound'rous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land ;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

2. Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
3. My streams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
4. Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again ;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
5. Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe !
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

HYMN CXXXIII.

1. **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes, where Satan wages still,
His most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3. There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
4. There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
5. Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!
6. What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN CXXXIV.

1. ○ HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.
2. What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compar'd with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

3. Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd ;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
And strait I turn'd unto my God.
4. What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart ;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal woe.
5. Oh ! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precept I had still despis'd ;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
6. I love thee therefore, O my God,
And sigh for thy belov'd abode ;
Where in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

HYMN CXXXV.

1. **B**LESS'D Lord ! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
2. There fiery seeds of evil lurk,
Which often hurt my frame ;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
To fan them to a flame.

3. How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In quest of what they love !
 But ah ! when duty calls them home,
 How heavily they move !
4. Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
 Transform me by thy pow'r,
 And make me thy belov'd abode,
 And let me sin no more.

HYMN CXXXVI.

1. **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
2. Without beginning, or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
3. A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal,
 To worship him who dy'd for me.
4. As man, he pities my complaint,
 His pow'r and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, he cannot faint,
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1. **B**REATHE from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north ;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth !
2. I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope ;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.
3. Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee ;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.
4. Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.
5. I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar ;
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door.
6. There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble pray'r ;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

1. **T**HE Lord proclaims his grace abroad !
Behold, I change your hearts of stone ;
Each shall renounce his idol-god,
And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.
2. My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds
To wash your filthiness away ;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.
3. My truth the great design insures,
I give myself away to you ;
You shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.
4. Yet not unfought, or unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace shall I confer ;
No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.
5. From the first breath of life divine.
Down to the last expiring hour,
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

HYMN CXXXIX.

1. **N**O strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright ;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2. How long beneath the law I lay
 In bondage and distress!
 I toil'd the precept to obey,
 But toil'd without success.
3. Then to abstain from outward sin
 Was more than I could do;
 Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
 I feel I hate it too.
4. Then all my servile works were done
 A righteousness to raise;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.
5. What shall I do was then the word,
 That I may worthier grow?
 What shall I render to the Lord?
 Is my enquiry now.
6. To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
 And hear his pard'ning voice;
 Changes a slave into a child,
 And duty into choice.

HYMN CXL.

1. GOD of my life to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2. Friend of the friendless, and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door,
Invites the helpless and the poor !
3. Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain.
4. Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet, God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead,

HYMN CXLI;

1. **I**SRRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too ;
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face.
2. The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlight'ned eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconçile an angry God.

3. The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood and matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence ;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.

4. The scape-goat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more :
 In him our Surety seem'd to say,
 " Behold, I bear your sins away."

5. Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea ;
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6. Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in ev'ry age !
 O grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light, vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN CXLII.

1. **B**EHOOLD the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near ;
 There Jesus shews a smiling face,
 And waits to answer pray'r.

2. That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
3. My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he with-hold ?
4. Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants,
More than they can express.
5. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
6. Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

HYMN CXLIII.

1. **F**OR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?

2. Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
3. Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
For all he has bestow'd.
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
4. The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
5. I cannot serve him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

HYMN CXLIV.

1. FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfy'd at home,
The Lord my portion is.
2. Jesus, who on his glorious throne,
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own;
And give himself to me.

3. His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear ;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
4. His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd.
And all my wants supply'd.
5. For him I count as gain each loss ;
Disgrace, for him renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

HYMN CXLV.

1. **A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite ;
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight :
Hear his gracious invitation,
" I have life and peace to give,
" I have wrought out full salvation,
" Sinner, look to me and live.
2. " Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
" All your inward passions move ;
" I could crush thee with my thunder,
" But I speak to thee in love :
" See ! your sins are all forgiven
" I have paid the countless sum !
" Now my death has open'd heaven,
" Thither you shall shortly come."

3. Blessed Saviour, we adore thee
 For thy precious life and death ;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
 Give us all the eye of faith.
 From the law's condemning sentence,
 To thy mercy we appeal ;
 Thou alone canst give repentance,
 Thou alone our souls can heal.

HYMN CXLVI.

1. **H**E who on earth as man was known,
 And bore our sins and pains ;
 Now, seated on th' etherial throne,
 The God of glory reigns.
2. His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With an unerring skill ;
 And countless worlds, extended wide,
 Obey his sov'reign will.
3. His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
 Wrought out for guilty worms,
 Affords a hiding-place and shield
 From enemies and storms.
4. This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
 Is desolate and dry ;
 But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
 Their thirst to satisfy.

5. When troubles, like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy on their head,
 To this almighty Rock they run,
 And find a pleasing shade.
6. How glorious He! how happy they
 In such a glorious friend!
 Whose love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

HYMN CXLVII:

1. ZION, the city of our God,
 How glorious is the place!
 The Saviour there has his abode,
 And sinners see his face!
2. Firm, against ev'ry adverse shock,
 Its mighty bulwarks prove;
 'Tis built upon the living Rock,
 And wall'd around with love.
3. There all the fruits of glory grow,
 And joys that never die;
 And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
 The soul to satisfy.
4. Come, set your faces Zion-ward,
 The sacred road inquire;
 And let a union to the Lord,
 Be henceforth your desire.

5. The gospel shines to give you light ;
 No longer, then, delay ;
 The Spirit waits to guide you right,
 And Jesus is the way.
6. O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
 Thy promise now fulfil ;
 And young and old by grace prepare,
 To dwell on Zion's hill,

HYMN CXLVIII.

1. **L**ET hearts and tongues unite,
 And loud thanksgiving raise ;
 'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
 To sing the Saviour's praise.
2. To him we owe our breath,
 He took us from the womb,
 Which else had shut us up in death,
 And prov'd an early tomb.
3. When on the breast we hung
 Our help was in the Lord ;
 'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
 To form the lisping word.
4. When in our blood we lay,
 He would not let us die,
 Because his love had fix'd a day
 To bring salvation nigh.

5. And since his name we knew,
 How gracious has he been !
 What dangers has he led us thro',
 What mercies have we seen !
6. Now, Lord, we wish to cast
 Our cares upon thy breast !
 Help us to praise Thee for the past,
 And trust Thee for the rest.

HYMN CXLIX.

1. 'TIS grace alone, which lifts the mind,
 From meaner views, the Lord to please;
 And prompts the soul in him to find
 All that the soul can taste of ease.
2. How blest such hours serenely glide,
 'Midst wrecks and horrors all around !
 Nor shall death's rough or rushing tide
 That placid sense of life confound.
3. Pleas'd with his Father's sov'reign will,
 Who best can choose, and best decree,
 His word he trusts him to fulfil,
 With patient eye and waiting knee.
4. He sails o'er time's tumultuous main,
 Dependent on eternal care ;
 And cannot doubt the port to gain,
 For God hath sworn to bring him there.

HYMN CL.

1. MY heart no more deprest,
 Shall triumph o'er each fear ;
 God is my hope, his heav'n my rest,
 His will my care :
 Amidst the storms below,
 In him I find a calm ;
 For ev'ry pang that sense can know,
 He gives a balm.
2. Satan, the world, and sin,
 With their tremendous roar ;
 Or foes without, or foes within,
 Shall rule no more :
 Almighty strength shall quell,
 And graciously control,
 The force of earth, and force of hell
 Against my soul.
3. Cleans'd by redeeming blood,
 In righteousness array'd,
 I safely pass o'er sorrows flood,
 Nor pass afraid :
 Blest by the God of love,
 Cheerful I pass my days ;
 And, longing for my crown above,
 The giver praise.

4. Death with his icy hand,
 Shall only lead me nigh
 My perfect rest, and safely land,
 Beyond the sky :
 For this I lift my voice,
 For this my God adore ;
 Rejoice, my soul, again rejoice,
 For evermore.

HYMN. CLI.

1. JESUS, commission'd from above,
 Descends to men below,
 And shews from whence the springs of love
 In endless currents flow.
2. He, whom the boundless heav'n adores,
 Whom angels long to see,
 Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
 Ambassador to me :
3. To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
 A rebel all-forlorn,
 A foe, a traitor, to my God,
 And of a traitor born :
4. To me, who never sought his grace,
 Who mock'd his holy word,
 Who never knew, or lov'd his face,
 But all his will abhorr'd :

5. To me, who could not even praise,
 When his kind heart I knew ;
 But sought a thousand devious ways,
 Rather than find the true.
6. Yet this Redeeming Angel came
 So vile a worm to bless :
 He took, with gladness, all my blame,
 And gave his righteousness.
7. O that my languid heart might glow
 With aid or all divine ;
 And, for more love than seraphs know,
 In praise like seraphs shine.

HYMN CLII.

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
2. Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare ;
 Lead to thy word that rules must give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.
3. The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

4. Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
5. Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heav'n the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN CLIII.

1. **C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
The one thing needful, blessed Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
2. The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey :
Thyself bestow ; for thee alone,
My all in all I pray.
3. Less than Thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore :
More than Thyself I cannot crave ;
And thou canst give no more.
4. Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'll burn :
Chosen of Thee e'er time began,
I'll chuse Thee in return.

5. Whate'er consists not with thy love;
 O teach me to resign :
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
 If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN CLIV.

1. **H**OW vast the benefits divine,
 Which we in Christ possess,
 Sav'd from the guilt of sin we are,
 And call'd to holiness.
2. But not for works which we have done,
 Or shall hereafter do ;
 Hath God decreed on sinful worms,
 Salvation to bestow.
3. The glory, Lord, from first to last,
 Is due to thee alone ;
 Aught to ourselves we dare not take
 Or rob thee of thy crown.
4. Our glorious Surety undertook
 To satisfy for man,
 And grace was given us in him,
 Before the world began.
5. Not one of all the chosen race,
 But shall to heav'n attain ;
 Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
 And then with Jesus reign.

6. Of Father, Son, and Spirit, we
 Extol the three-fold care,
 Whose love, whose merit, and whose pow'r
 Unite to lift us there.

HYMN CLV.

1. **F**ATHER, I want a thankful heart,
 I want to taste how good thou art,
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me ;
 The length and depth, and breadth and height,
 Of love divinely infinite.
2. Jesus, my great high Priest above,
 My friend before the throne of love ;
 If now for me prevails thy pray'r,
 If now I find Thee pleading there,
 Hear, and my weak petitions join,
 Almighty Advocate, to thine.
3. O Sov'reign love, to Thee I cry,
 Give me thyself, or else I die ;
 Save me from death, from hell set free.
 Death, hell, are but the want of Thee ;
 My life, my crown, my heav'n thou art,
 O may I find Thee in my heart !

HYMN CLVI.

1. **H**OW are thy servants blest'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will:
 The sea, that rears at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
5. In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore,
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
6. Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN CLVII.

1. **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN CLVIII.

1. **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands thro' the skies.
2. Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
 We read thy patience still.
3. But when we view thy great design,
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join,
 In their divinest forms;
4. Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shine,
 The justice, or the grace.
5. Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heav'nly plains;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
6. O may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal song;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

HYMN CLIX.

1. **M**Y God. my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this interior clod ;
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
3. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
4. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me ?
5. Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
6. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN CLX.

1. **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies ;
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd ;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul,
 In seas of heav'nly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CLXI.

1. **S**HALL Atheists dare insult the cross
 Of our incarnate God ?
 Shall Infidels revile his truth,
 And trample on his blood ?
2. What if he choose mysterious ways
 To cleanse us from our faults ?
 May not the works of sov'reign grace
 Transcend our feeble thoughts ?

3. What if his gospel bids us strive
 With flesh, and self, and sin?
 The prize is most divinely bright,
 That we are call'd to win.
4. What if the men, despis'd on earth,
 Still of his grace partake?
 This but confirms the truth the more,
 For so the prophet spake.
5. Do some that own the sacred truth,
 Indulge their souls in sin?
 None should reproach the Saviour's name;
 His laws are pure and clean.
6. Then let our faith be firm and strong,
 Our lips profess his word;
 Nor ever shun those holy men,
 Who fear and love the Lord.

HYMN CLXII.

1. **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
2. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
4. Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move..

HYMN CLXIII.

1. **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea,
 Thy paths I cannot trace ;
 Nor comprehend the mystery,
 Of thy unbounded grace.
2. Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
 My captive soul surround ;
 Mysterious deeps of providence,
 My wand'ring thoughts confound.
3. When I behold thy awful hand
 My earthly hopes destroy ;
 In deep astonishment I stand,
 And ask the reason, why ?
4. As thro' a glass I dimly see
 The wonders of thy love,
 How little do I know of thee,
 Or of the joys above !

5. 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the fight ;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?
6. With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

HYMN CLXIV.

1. **F**AITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God !
2. Jesus it owns as King,
An all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
3. To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
4. Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

HYMN CLXV.

1. **T**HERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
Or solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ th' appointed road ;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God !
2. The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour, just and true ;
O may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.
3. As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine ;
O may his Spirit in me dwell,
Then sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN CLXVI.

1. **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
2. Here, may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3. Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
4. O may these heav'nly pages be,
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!
5. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN CLXVII.

1. **W**HAT wisdom, majesty and grace,
Thro' all the gospel shine !
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
2. Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' Almighty Saviour comes :
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
3. The mighty debt that sinners ow'd
Upon the cross he pays :
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4. There he our great high Priest appears,
 Before his Father's throne ;
 Mingles his merits with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.
5. Great God, with rev'rence we adore,
 Thy justice and thy grace :
 And on thy faithfulness and pow'r,
 Our firm dependence place.

HYMN CLXVIII.

1. **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name :
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Ye, who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
3. Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from blifs no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.
4. Welcome all, by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest ;
 Nothing brought him from above—
 Nothing but redeeming love.

5. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.
6. Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals join the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN CLXIX.

1. ○ LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on thy care depend,
To Thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
2. When all created streams are dry'd
Thy fulness is the same,
May I with this be sati fy'd,
And glory in thy name!
3. Why should the soul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.
4. No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

5. O that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail.
6. O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
 I triumph and adore ;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please thee more.

HYMN CLXX.

1. **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, " My Father, God !"
 Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.
2. I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise ;
 Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
3. Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.
4. " My Father"—O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the blifs those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN CLXXI.

1. SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In ev'ry chast'ning stroke;
 And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.
2. To thee in my distress I cried,
 And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
 Thy pow'ful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.
3. Unfold, ye gates, of righteousness,
 That with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.
4. Praise to the Lord; whose gentle hand
 Renews our lab'ring breath:
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints,
 Triumphant e'en in death.
5. My God, in thine appointed hour
 Those heav'nly gates display,
 Where pain and sin, and fear and death
 For ever flee away
6. There, while the nations of the bless'd
 With raptures bow around,
 My anthems to deliv'ring grace,
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN CLXXII.

1. **L**ET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.
2. Not unto us, to Thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carry'd on in heav'n.
3. The hosts of spirits now with Thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
4. Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like their's our songs should rise;
Like them, we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

HYMN CLXXIII.

1. **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Thy precious time mispent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3. In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
4. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me, whilst I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
5. Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CLXXIV.

1. **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may,
 With joy behold the judgment day.
4. O may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
5. O when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away ;
 And hymns divine with angels sing,
 Glory to Thee, eternal King ?
6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN CLXXV.

1. **O** THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,
 Yearning bowels from within ;
 I will praise thee ;
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2. While the angel choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM ;
 I with them would be ascribing,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 Oh ! how precious
 Is the sound of Jesu's name !

3. Now I see, with joy and wonder,
 Whence the healing streams arose ;
 Angels minds are lost to ponder
 Dying love without a cause:
 Yet a blessing
 Down to sinners now it flows,

4. May this set our souls on fire,
 Cause to glow the flame of love ;
 Higher, let us mount still higher,
 Waiting for our blest remove ;
 Then we'll praise thee
 In thy brighter realms above.

HYMN CLXXVI.

1. JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past :
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All in all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN CLXXVII.

1. ○ COME, thou blessed Lamb of God !
 Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
 Give us to know thy love, then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne !
Deck'd with a never fading crown.
3. O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought :
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell,
Thy love immense, unfearchable !
4. First born of many brethren thou,
To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow :
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

1. JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4. The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 " Come hither, foul, I am the Way."
5. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am ;
 Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
6. Then shall I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, " Behold the way to God."

HYMN CLXXIX.

1. JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 " Jesus hath liv'd, and dy'd for me."
3. Bold shall I stand at that great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4. Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
5. This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.
6. O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

HYMN CLXXX.

1. **W**HAT shall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r ?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t'adore :
To praise thee as thy saints above ;
To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
2. When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye ;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity ;
Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down,
To save us by his grace alone,

3. He bore our sins upon the tree,
 (To seek and save the lost he came,)
 There was he bound to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame.
 The captive flock from hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.
4. Before the Father's awful throne,
 Our merciful High-Priest he stands;
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands:
 His people's everlasting friend,
 Who loving—loves them to the end.

HYMN CLXXXI.

1. **L**ORD, thy pervading knowledge strikes
 Thro' nature's inmost gloom:
 And in thy circling arms I lay
 A slumb'rer in the womb.
2. Thee will I honor, for I stand
 A volume of thy skill;
 Stupendous are thy works, and they
 My contemplations fill.
3. How precious are the streaming joys
 That from thy love descend!
 Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
 Where would their numbers end?

4. Not ocean's countless sands exceed
 The blessings of the skies ;
 With night's descending shade they fall,
 With morning splendors rise.
5. Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise :
 Lord, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

HYMN CLXXXII.

1. **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.
2. In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long e'er I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant pray'r.
3. Each rolling year new favors brought
 From thy exhaustless store ;
 But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
4. While sweet reflection, thro' my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

5. Yes, I adore Thee, gracious Lord,
 For favors more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
6. Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And ev'ry weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

1. **H**OW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration giv'n !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heav'n.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
3. This lamp thro' all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

1. **T**HE God of Abr'ham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of Love !
 Jehovah, great I AM !
 By earth and heav'n confess'd ;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

2. The God of Abr'ham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and pow'r ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

3. The God of Abr'ham praise,
 Whose all sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways :
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesu's blood.

4. He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

HYMN CLXXXV.

1. **T**HOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At God's command :
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;
 And through this howling wilderness,
 My way pursue.
2. The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty bless'd ;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest :
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.

3. There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteoufness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace :
 On Zion's facred height,
 His kingdom still maintains ;
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
4. He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays, in garments white and pure,
 His spotless bride :
 With streams of sacred blifs,
 With wines of living joys,
 And all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

1. **B**EFORE the great Three-One,
 The Saints exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders He hath done,
 Through all their land :
 The list'ning spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing in songs which never end,
 The wond'rous name.

2. The God who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing ;
 And holy, holy, holy, cry,
 Almighty King !
 Who was, and is the same,
 And evermore shall be,
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM !
 We worship Thee.
3. Before the Saviour's face,
 The ransom'd nations bow,
 O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shews his prints of love,
 They kindle to a flame,
 And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.
4. The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abr'ham's God, and mine,
 I join the heav'nly lays ;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

1. GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
 Are matchless, Godlike and divine ;
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More Godlike and unrivall'd shine :
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

2. Angels and men, resign your claim
 To pity, mercy, love and grace ;
 These glories crown Jehovah's name
 With an incomparable blaze :
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

3. In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our God,
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
 A pardon seal'd with Jesu's blood,
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

4. O may this strange, this matchless grace
 This Godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic choirs above ;
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

HYMN CLXXXVIII,

1. **A**ND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.
2. We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move:
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.
3. Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odor rise,
Thro' our Redeemer's name.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

1. **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
2. Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry 'till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finished :"
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?
6. Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus,
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN CXC.

1. **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !
 How wond'rous is thy name !
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame.
2. Nature in ev'ry dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.
3. My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too ;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.
4. Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.
5. Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my soul ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN CXCI.

1. **T**HOU blefs'd Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of Thee ;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.
2. O let us ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak ;
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
3. Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay :
4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favor'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Jesus be our song.

HYMN CXCII.

1. **T**HE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us
 to sing,
 The Blood of our Priest, our crucify'd King ;
 The fountain that cleanses from sin and from
 filth,
 And richly dispenses salvation and health,

2. This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives soon as felt, infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed, return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.
3. This fountain unseal'd stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the small :
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are
 led ;
Here's health for the sickly, and life for the
 dead.
4. This fountain in vain has never been try'd ;
It takes out all stain whenever apply'd ;
The fountain flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' lep'rous as
 mine.

HYMN CXCHII.

1. **A**LL hail, incarnate God !
The wond'rous things foretold
Of Thee in sacred writ
 With joy our eyes behold :
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.
2. To Thee the hoary head
 Its silver honors pays,
To thee the blooming youth
 Devotes his brightest days :
And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conqu'ring King.

3. O haste, victorious Prince,
 That happy glorious day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway :
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies.
4. All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Eternal be thy reign ;
 Behold the nations see
 To wear thy gentle chain ;
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

HYMN CXCIV.

1. **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,
 Forgetful of their God,
 " Who will supply our vast desires,
 " Or shew us any good ?"
2. Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
 Their eager wishes rove,
 In chace of honor, wealth and mirth,
 The phantoms of their love.
3. But oft these shadowy joys elude
 Their most intense pursuit :
 Or if they seize the fancied good,
 There's poison in the fruit.

4. Lord, from this world call off my love,
 Set my affections right:
 Bid me aspire to joys above,
 And walk no more by sight.
5. O let the glories of thy face
 Upon my bosom shine:
 Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
 My joys will be divine.

HYMN CXCIV.

1. **A** Debtor to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on
 My person and off'rings to bring:
 The terrors of law, and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
2. The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

3. My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Impres'd on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

HYMN CXCVI.

1. **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake a sacred song !
 O may his love (immortal flame !)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
2. His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
3. He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die !
 Was ever love like this ?
4. Bless'd Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee ;
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 " The Saviour dy'd for me."

5. O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue ;
 Till strangers love the charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

HYMN CXCVII.

1. **H**OW various and how new,
 Are thy compassions, Lord!
 Each morning shall thy mercy shew,
 Each night thy truth record.
2. Thy goodness, like the sun,
 Dawn'd on our early days,
 E'er infant reason had begun
 To form our lips to praise.
3. Each object we beheld
 Gave pleasure to our eyes :
 And nature all our senses held
 In bands of sweet surprize.
4. But pleasures more refin'd
 Awaited that blest'd day
 When light arose upon our mind,
 And chas'd our sins away.
5. How new thy mercies then !
 How sov'reign and how free !
 Our souls that had been dead in sin,
 Were made alive to thee.

HYMN CXCVIII.

1. COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above :
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus fought me when a stranger
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He to save my soul from danger
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

3. O! to Grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN CXCIX.

1. **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise!
 All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.
2. He that form'd me in the womb,
 He shall guide me to the tomb :
 All my times shall ever be
 Order'd by his wise decree :
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief.
4. O thou gracious, wise and just,
 In thy hands my life I trust :
 Have I somewhat dearer still ?
 I resign it to thy will.
5. May I always own thy hand—
 Still to the surrender stand ;
 Know that thou art God alone,
 I and mine are all thy own.
6. Thee at all times will I bless ;
 Having thee, I all possess :
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with Thee ?

HYMN CC.

1. **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, impress'd
 With awful pow'r,—*I too must die,*
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
3. Let this vain world engage no more :
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.
4. The voice of this alarming scene
 May ev'ry heart obey ;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
5. O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
6. Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

HYMN CCI.

1. **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
 Whose claims are all divine ;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.
2. It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will ?
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still.
3. It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
4. It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load,
 From whom assistance I obtain,
 To tread the thorny road.
5. It is the Lord—whose matchles skill
 Can from afflictions raise
 Matter, eternity to fill
 With ever-growing praise.
6. It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name !
 Whose gracious promise seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.

HYMN CCII.

1. JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
 Let me know thy great salvation,
 See I languish, faint, and die.
2. Without thee, the world possessing,
 I should be a wretch undone ;
 Search thro' heav'n, the land of blessing,
 Seeking good and finding none.
3. Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me,
 My soul cleaveth to the dust ;
 Send the Comforter to cheer me,
 Lo ! in Thee I put my trust.
4. On the word thy blood hath sealed,
 Hangs my everlasting all ;
 Let thine arm be now revealed,
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall !
5. In the world of endless ruin,
 Let it never, Lord, be said,
 " Here's a soul that perish'd suing
 " For the boasted Saviour's aid !"
6. Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory
 Thro' the shining realms above,
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptur'd with thy love !

HYMN CCIII.

1. **P**REPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face ;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
2. In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood ;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
3. Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known ;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
4. Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN CCIV.

1. **T**HOU God of glorious majesty !
To Thee, against myself, to Thee
A sinful worm, I cry :
An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless blifs or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2. O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me e'er it be too late,
 Wake me to righteousness.

3. Be this my one great bus'ness here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure!
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure!

4. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight
 And everlasting love.

HYMN CCV.

1. DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinners heart confound!

2. See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !
3. At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?
4. Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprize your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 " Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 " Thou with Satan
 " And his angels, have thy part !"
5. But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 " See the kingdom I bestow ;
 " You for ever
 " Shall my love and glory know."

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise!
 Swifly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN CCVI.

1. **A** WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb:
 Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 To sing the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r;
 Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues:
 Sing till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
4. Sing on your heav'nly way;
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ th' eternal King.
5. Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come."
 Soon shall he call us hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.

6. There shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN CCVII.

1. JESUS, my truth, my way
 My sure, unerring light,
 On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
 Which thou wilt lead aright.
2. My wisdom, and my guide,
 My counsellor thou art ;
 O never let me leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart.
3. Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep ;
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eye-lids never sleep.
4. My soul to Thee alone
 I therefore now commend :
 Thou, Jesus, having lov'd thine own,
 Wilt love me to the end.

HYMN CCVIII.

1. FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
 My soul on Thee depends,
 Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
 From Thee alone descends.

2. Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.
3. We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
4. Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine,
The praise, of ev'ry virtuous thought
And righteous work, is thine.
5. From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
Power on Thee to call :
In Thee, we are, and move, and live,
Our God is All in All.

HYMN CCIX.

1. **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3. Salvation to God who sits on the throne ;
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :
 Our Jesus's praises the seraphs proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
4. Then let us adore, and give him his right,
 All honor and pow'r, and wisdom and might ;
 All glory and blessing, with angels above ;
 And strength never-ceasing, and infinite love !

HYMN CCX.

1. **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure unbounded love thou art :
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest !
 Take away the love of sinning ;
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve Thee, as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing ;
 Glory in thy dying love.
4. Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee :
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYNN CCXI.

1. **T**HE Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round,
2. Th' Almighty former of the skies,
 Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

3. O the rich depths of love divine!
 Of joy a boundless store :
 Bless'd Saviour, let me call Thee mine,
 I cannot wish for more.
4. On Thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall :
 My righteousness, and sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All.

HYMN CCXII.

1. **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
2. Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our sins,
 He took his seat above ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
3. His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n :
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4. He sits at God's right hand;
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
5. He all his foes shall quell;
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And ev'ry bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
6. Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN CCXIII.

1. JESUS, thou art my righteousness,
 For all my sins were thine :
 Thy death hath bought of God my peace;
 Thy life hath made him mine.
2. Spotless and just in Thee I am,
 Eternally forgiv'n ;
 I taste salvation in thy name,
 And antedate my heav'n.

3. My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
4. Thy gifts, O Lord, cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be giv'n :
 Thy presence makes my paradise ;
 Where'er thou art, is heav'n.

HYMN CCXIV.

1. **I**F Jesus is our's, we have a true friend,
 Whose goodness endures the same to the
 end :
 Our tempers may vary, our comforts decline,
 We cannot miscarry ! our aid is divine.
2. Tho' God may delay to shew us his light,
 And heaviness may endure for a night ;
 Yet joy, in the morning, shall surely abound :
 No shadow of turning, in Jesus, is found.
3. The hills may depart, and mountains remove,
 But faithful thou art, O Fountain of love !
 The Father hath graven our names on thy
 hands :
 Our building in heaven eternally stands,

4. Then tune ev'ry string to Jesus's name!
 With angels we'll sing the song of the Lamb:
 Thee ev'ry believer shall joyfully praise,
 Thou bountiful Giver of glory and grace.

HYMN CCXV.

1. **B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them Sons of God!
2. Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we shall be made;
 But, when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our head.
3. A comfort so divine
 May trials well endure,
 And purify our souls from sin,
 And make our calling sure.
4. Jesus, we would not lie
 Like slaves before thy throne;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
 And God the kindred own.
5. If in thy Father's love
 We bear a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon our heart.

6. There let his presence dwell,
 And deep engrave thy law ;
 And ev'ry motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.

HYMN CCXVI.

1. **I**MMOVEABLE thy promise stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust :
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
2. His honor is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his sheep :
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.
3. God hath laid up in heav'n, for me,
 A crown which cannot fade :
 The righteous Judge at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
4. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all who love, and long to see,
 Th' appearing of his Son.
5. Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe,
 From ev'ry ill design ;
 And to his heav'nly kingdom keep,
 This helpless soul of mine.

HYMN CCXVII.

1. ○ What shall I do my Saviour to praise ?
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in
 grace ;
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him !
2. How happy the man, whose heart is set free ;
 The people that can be joyful in thee !
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face :
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
3. Their daily delight shall be in thy name ;
 They shall, as their right, thy righteousness
 claim :
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
 thy blood,
 Bold they shall appear in the presence of God.
4. For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r :
 And I also trust to see the glad hour ;
 My soul's new creation, my life from the
 dead,
 The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
5. For Jesus my Lord is now my defence ;
 I trust in his word, none plucks me from
 thence :
 Since I have found favor, he all things will
 do ;
 My King and my Saviour will make me
 anew.

6. Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive ;
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

HYMN CCXVIII.

1. **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God, are in thine hand ;
 My choicest comforts came from thee,
 And go at thy command.
2. If thou should'st take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
 Before they were possess'd by me,
 They were entirely thine.
3. Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
 Tho' the whole world were gone ;
 But seek enduring happiness
 In Thee, and Thee alone.
4. What is the world, or all things here ?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
 When I attempt a rose to pluck,
 A pricking thorn I meet.
5. Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mixt with gall ;
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be thou my all in all.

HYMN CCXIX.

1. **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room!
3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the foul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
4. In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites the souls to come;
'The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
5. O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

HYMN CCXX.

- E. **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2. It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford !
 Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finish'd, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law !
 Finish'd, all that God had promis'd ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN CCXXI.

1. **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2, Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,
 Redeem'd from Satan's thrall ;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
4. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN CCXXII.

1. **B**LESSED are the Sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesu's blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now and thro' eternity !
2. They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace ;
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day :
 With them, &c.
3. They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness !
 Born of God, they hate all sin,
 God's pure seed remains within :
 With them, &c.

4. They alone are truly blest,
 Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;
 They with love and peace are fill'd,
 They are by his Spirit seal'd :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now and thro' eternity !

HYMN CCXXIII.

1. **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
 Adoring low before thy throne :
 Accept our humble, cheerful vow,
 Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.
2. Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
 E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
 Shall brighten into vernal day,
 And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
3. Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
 In concert with the choir above,
 The glories of our Saviour King,
 The condescensions of his love.
4. Amazing love that stoop'd so low,
 To view with pity's melting eye
 Vile men, deserving endless woe !
 Amazing love !—did Jesus die ?
5. He died, to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
 O let his praise each hour employ,
 Till hours no more their circles run !

6. He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs,
 Resound, resound the Saviour's name:
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

HYMN CCXXIV.

1. JESUS, immutably the same,
 The true and living Vine,
 Around thy all-supporting stem,
 My feeble arms I twine.
2. Quicken'd by Thee, and kept alive,
 I flourish and bear fruit;
 My life I from thy sap derive,
 My vigour from thy root.
3. I can do nothing without Thee;
 My strength is wholly thine:
 Wither'd and barren should I be,
 If sever'd from the vine.
4. Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
 Refreshing dew shall drop;
 The plant which thy right-hand hath set,
 Shall ne'er be rooted up.
5. Each moment water'd by thy care,
 And fenc'd with pow'r divine,
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear
 The feeblest branch of thine.

HYMN CCXXV.

1. **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless look to Thee for grace;
 Black, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment throne;
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMN CCXXVI.

1. **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee:
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
2. Born thy people to deliver;
 Born a Child and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN CCXXVII.

1. **B**LLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb,
 Redemption by his blood:
 Thro' all the lands proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace :
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
4. Jesus our great high Priest
 Has full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad !
 The year of Jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

1. **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and ever more.
2. Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro' :
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

HYMN CCXXIX:

1. **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
 Or shake at death's alarms!
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more flow,
 To keep us from our love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all his saints he blest'd,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying head?
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.

6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN CCXXX.

1. **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway
 The bright angelic hosts obey,
 O! lend a pitying ear :
 When on thy awful name we call,
 And at thy feet submissive fall,
 O! condescend to hear.
2. Far may thy glorious reign extend,
 May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
 And yield to sov'reign love :
 May we take pleasure to fulfil
 The sacred dictates of thy will,
 As angels do above.
3. From thy kind hand each temporal good,
 Our raiment and our daily food,
 In rich abundance come :
 Lord, give us still a fresh supply,
 If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
 And fill the silent tomb.

4. Pardon our sins, O God! that rise,
 And call for vengeance from the skies ;
 And while we are forgiv'n,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 Nor malice harbor in that breast
 That feels the love of heav'n.
5. Protect us in the dangerous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's pow'r,
 O! set our spirits free :
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to Thee.
6. Thine is the pow'r, to Thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name :
 Let ev'ry creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMN CCXXXI.

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend :
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing,
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2. Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion,
 Floating in his languid eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.
3. Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death :
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go !
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

HYMN CCXXXII.

1. **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Thro' whom we out of Egypt came ;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.
2. Angel of gospel-grace !
 Fulfil thy character ;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.

3. Throughout the desert-way
 Conduct us by thy light ;
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.
4. Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

1. **R**AISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
 Celestial grace hath done.
2. Sing how eternal love
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyfs of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,

When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5. Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
6. May we obey the call,
And lay an humble claim
To the salvation he hath brought,
And love, and praise his name.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

1. COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame ;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name :
Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
May our hearts with rapture move ;
Feel fresh grace in them still springing,
Breathe the air of purest love.
2. Let us sail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded sea ;
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free :

On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
 Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe ;
 Lord of Life, for sinners bleeding,
 All for thee I would forego.

3. Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to Thee ;
 Sinking in the sweetest union
 Of that heart-felt mystery :
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms ;
 Free from sin and all confusion,
 Circle us within thine arms.

HYMN CCXXXV.

1. ○H! for a glance of heav'nly day
 To take this stubborn stone away ;
 And thaw with beams of love divine
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
2. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling, all things shew some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Great God, an adamant would melt ;
 But I can read each moving line,
 Yet nothing melt this heart of mine.

4. Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
5. A Pow'r divine can do the deed,
 And that blest'd power much I need;
 Oh! may thy Spirit now refine
 From dross, and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

1. **O** LORD, turn not thy face away
 From him that lies prostrate,
 Lamenting fore his sinful life
 Before thy mercy-gate :
2. A gate which opens wide to those
 That do lament their sin :
 O shut it not against me, Lord,
 But let me enter in.
3. Now come I to the throne of grace,
 Where mercy doth abound,
 Desiring mercy for my sin,
 To heal my deadly wound.
4. Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum ;

Mercy thro' Christ is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

1. **A**WAY my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall no more in me have place,
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
2. Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil ;
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil :
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race ;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise,
3. Barren altho' my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear ;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here :
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see ;

Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4. In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord and God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

1. **L**ORD, am I thine, entirely thine;
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be;
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
2. Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to Thee,
Be thine thro' all eternity.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

1. **T**HIS Jesus fills our hearts below
With holy faith and fervent love:
From Jesus all our joy shall flow,
In the blest realms of light above.

2. Jesus, his love, his grace, his name,
 Pour gladness round the heav'nly throng;
 These all their golden harps proclaim;
 These swell the notes of ev'ry song.

HYMN CCXL.

1. **T**HIS God is the God we adore;
 Our faithful unchangeable friend;
 Whose love is as great as his Pow'r,
 And knows neither measure, nor end.
2. 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home!
 We'll praise him, for all that is past;
 And trust him, for all that's to come.



ANTHEMS, &c.

No. I.

BEHOLD the Lord is my Salvation : In him will I trust, for the Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation. Cry aloud and sing unto the Lord ; for great is the Holy One of Israel. Hallelujah. *Isai. xii, 2, 6.*

No. II.

O Be joyful in God, all ye lands : sing praises unto the honor of his name, make his praise to be glorious. *Psa. lxvi, 1.*

No. III.

O How amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts ! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be always praising thee. Hallelujah. *Psa. lxxxiv, 1, 2, 4,*

No. IV.

Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name : Be telling of his salvation from day to day. Declare his honor unto the heathen ; and his wonders unto all people. For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised : he is more to be feared than all gods. Hallelujah. *Psa. xcvi, 2, 3, 4.*

No. V.

Praise the Lord, ye servants: O praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore. *Psa.* cxiii, 1, 2.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, all things declare thy majesty; angels and men still cry aloud, Glory to thee O Lord most high.

No. VI.

Praise ye the Lord for he is good: For his mercy endureth for ever! Give praise unto the God of gods: For his mercy endureth for ever. Give praise unto the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever. Who only doth great wondrous works: For his mercy endureth for ever. *Psa.* cxxxvi, 1, 2, 3, 4.

No. VII.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Hallelujah. *St. Matt.* v, 16.

No. VIII.

Glory to God on high, peace on earth, good will towards mankind. *St. Luke,* ii, 14.

No. IX.

I heard a voice from heav'n saying unto me, Write, from henceforth, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord! Even so saith the

Spirit; for they rest from their labours. *Rev.*
xiv, 13.

No. X.

SANCTUS.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven
and earth are full of thy glory : Glory be to thee,
O Lord most high. Amen. *Isai.* vi, 3.

No. XI.

MESSIAH.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your
God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and
cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished,
that her iniquity is pardon'd. The voice of him
that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way
of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high
way for our God. *Isai.* xl, 1, 2, 3.

No. XII.

Ev'ry valley shall be exalted, and ev'ry mountain
and hill made low, the crooked straight, and the
rough places plain. *Isai.* xl, 4.

No. XIII.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
and all flesh shall see it together : for the mouth
of the Lord hath spoken it. *Isai.* xl, 5.

No. XIV.

O Thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, a-
rise, say unto the cities of Judah, behold your

God: the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
Isai. xl, 9 & lx, 1.

No. XV.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. *Isai.* ix, 6.

No. XVI.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. *Isai.* xl, 11. Come unto him, all ye that labor; come unto him, ye that are heavy laden, and he will give you rest: take his yoke upon you and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. *St. Matt.* xi, 28, 26.

No. XVII.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world! *St. John* i, 29.

No. XVIII.

Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. *Isai.* liii, 4, 5.

No. XIX.

All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned ev'ry one to his own way : and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. *Isai.* liii, 6.

No. XX.

Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow ! *Lam.* i, 12.

No. XXI.

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell ; nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption. *Psal.* xvi, 10.

No. XXII.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory. *Psal.* xxiv, 7, 8, 9. 10.

No. XXIII.

Let all the angels of God worship him. *Heb.* i, 6.

No. XXIV.

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led

captivity captive; and received gifts for men; yea, even for thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them. *Psal.* lxxviii, 18.

No. XXV.

Break forth into joy; glad tidings, thy God reigneth. How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings of salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth! *Isai.* lii, 7, 9.

No. XXVI.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. *Rev.* xix, 6. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. *Rev.* xi, 15. King of kings and Lord of lords. Hallelujah! *Rev.* xix, 16.

No. XXVII.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And tho' worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. *Job.* xix, 25, 26. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep. *1 Cor.* xv, 20.

No. XXVIII.

Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. *1 Cor.* xv, 21, 22.

No. XXIX.

But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. *1 Cor. xv, 57.*

No. XXX.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, honor, glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen. *Rev. v. 12, 13.*



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| 52 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim | 220 |
| 47 Yes, the Redeemer rose | 61 |
| 45 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor | 230 |
| <i>Z</i> | |
| 50 Zion, the city of our God | 162 |





A LIST OF TUNES,

ADAPTED TO THE

Psalms and Hymns in this Selection.



☞ To find the proper Tune for any Psalm or Hymn, see the Number prefixed to the first Line of it in the preceding Table, which refers to this List.



No.

| | | | |
|----|--------------------|-----|----------|
| 1 | Callcott's 4th Ps. | - | C. M. |
| 2 | Callcott's 8th | - - | C. M. |
| 3 | St. Ann's, | - - | C. M. |
| 4 | Wareham, | - - | L. M. |
| 5 | Dr. Arnold's 19th | - - | C. M. |
| 6 | Callcott's 23d | - - | C. M. |
| 7 | Eagle Street, new, | - - | S. M. |
| 8 | Handel's 142d | - - | S. M. |
| 9 | Milgrove's, | - - | S. M. |
| 10 | Handel's 28th | - - | L. M. |
| 11 | St. James's, | - - | C. M. |
| 12 | Handel's 135th | - - | C. M. |
| 13 | Callcott's 34th | - - | C. M. |
| 14 | Stevenfon's 34th | - - | C. M. |
| 15 | St. David's | - - | C. M. |
| 16 | Handel's 36th | - - | L. M. |
| 17 | Handel's 38th | - - | C. M. |
| 18 | Stroud, | - - | C. M. |
| 19 | Banbury, | - - | L. M. |
| 20 | Dr. Arnold's 109th | - | C. M. D. |
| 21 | All Saints, | - - | S. M. |
| 22 | Wirksworth, | - - | S. M. |

A LIST OF TUNES, &c.

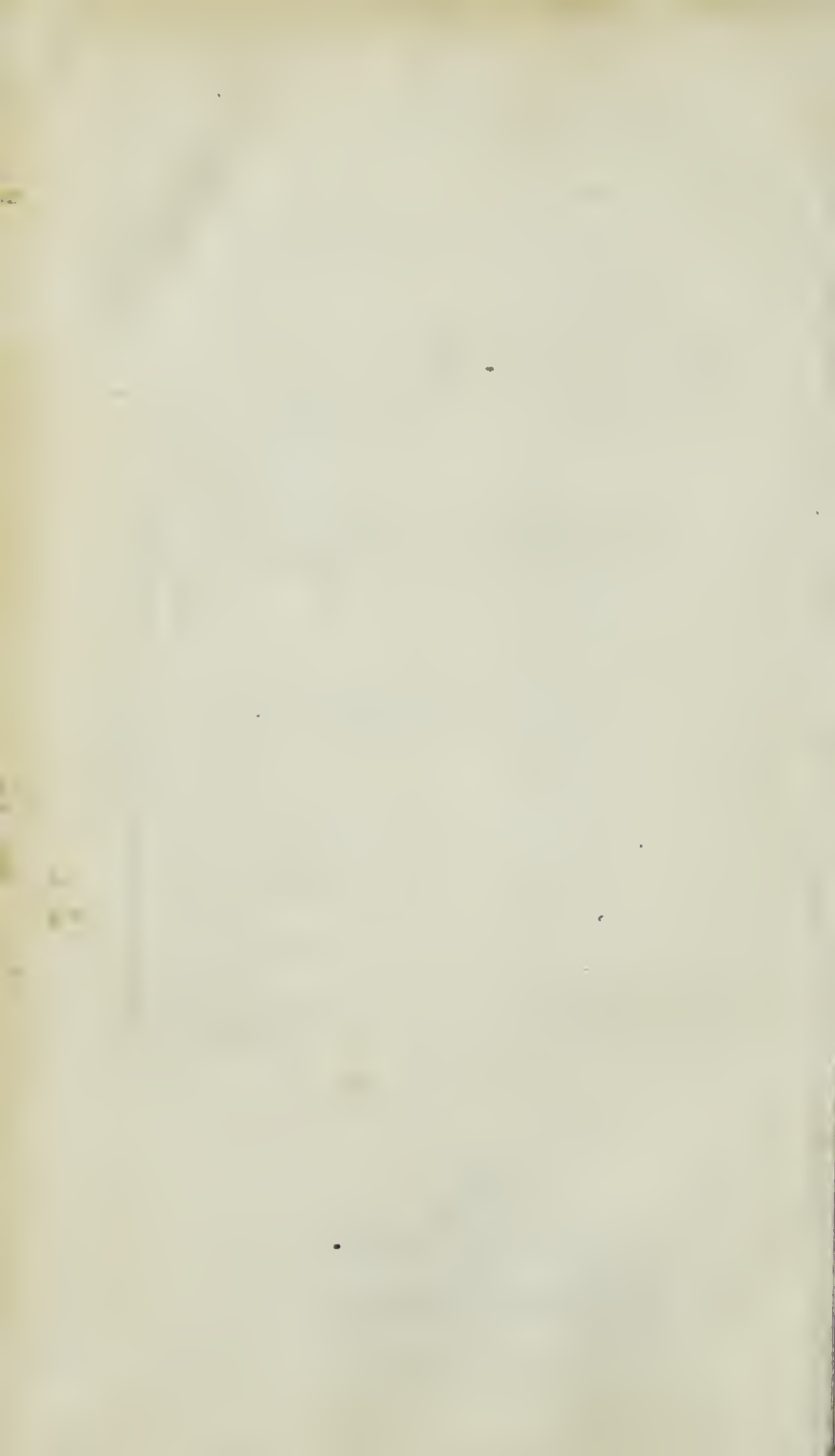
xi

| No. | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|-----|----------|
| 23 | Callcott's 114th Ps. | - - | L. M. D. |
| 24 | Falcon Street, | - | S. M. |
| 25 | Derby, | - - | L. M. |
| 26 | London, new | - - | C. M. |
| 27 | Callcott's 84th | - - | C. M. |
| 28 | Messiah, | - - | C. M. |
| 29 | Crowle, | - - | C. M. |
| 30 | Bangor, | - - | C. M. |
| 31 | Ashley, | - - | C. M. |
| 32 | Callcott's 93d | - - | L. M. |
| 33 | Callcott's 70th | - - | L. M. |
| 34 | Luther's, | - - | L. M. |
| 35 | Windfor, | - - | C. M. |
| 36 | New Irish, | - - | C. M. |
| 37 | Manning, | - - | L. M. |
| 38 | Callcott's 104th | - - | L. M. |
| 39 | St. Matthews, | - - | C. M. D. |
| 40 | Great Milton, | - - | C. M. D. |
| 41 | St. Andrew's, | - - | P. M. |
| 42 | Callcott's 125th | - - | C. M. |
| 43 | New Church, | - - | C. M. |
| 44 | Cambridge, | - - | C. M. |
| 45 | Bedford, | - - | C. M. |
| 46 | Smith's, | - - | S. M. |
| 47 | New Portsmouth, | - - | P. M. |
| 48 | Fountain, | - - | C. M. |
| 49 | Pergolesi's, | - - | L. M. |
| 50 | Bath Chapel, | - - | C. M. |
| 51 | Handel's 148th | - - | P. M. |
| 52 | Hanover, | - - | P. M. |
| 53 | Callcott's 81st | - - | C. M. |
| 54 | Dr. Arnold's Xmas. Hymn, | | P. M. |
| 55 | Callcott's 98th | - - | C. M. |
| 56 | Georgia, | - - | P. M. |
| 57 | Proper 136th | - - | P. M. |
| 58 | Dr. Arnold's 40th | - - | L. M. D. |
| 59 | Linley's, | - - | C. M. |
| 60 | Hardy's, | - - | P. M. |
| 61 | Yarmouth, | - - | L. M. |
| 62 | Salisbury, | - - | P. M. |

| No. | | |
|-----|--------------------------|------------|
| 63 | Cheffhurst, new, | - L. M. |
| 64 | Handel's 76th ps. | - P. M. |
| 65 | Dr. Arnold's 65th | - L. M. D. |
| 66 | New Mission; | - P. M. |
| 67 | Denbigh, | - L. M. D. |
| 68 | Vermont, | - S. M. D. |
| 69 | Babylon Streams, new, | - L. M. |
| 70 | Well's Row, | - L. M. |
| 71 | Southampton, | - L. M. D. |
| 72 | Tucker's, | - S. M. |
| 73 | St. Mary's, | - C. M. |
| 74 | Condescension, | - C. M. |
| 75 | Hart's, | - P. M. |
| 76 | Jewin Street, | - P. M. |
| 77 | Leoni, | - P. M. |
| 78 | Deptford, | - P. M. |
| 79 | Denmark, | - L. M. |
| 80 | Chatham, | - P. M. |
| 81 | Callcott's Morning Hymn, | L. M. |
| 82 | Jordan, | - P. M. |
| 83 | Hotham, | - P. M. |
| 84 | New Haven, | - P. M. |
| 85 | Helmfleay, | - P. M. |
| 86 | Uxbridge, | - P. M. |
| 87 | Mile's Lane, | - C. M. |
| 88 | Welch, | - P. M. |
| 89 | Trebecca, | - P. M. |
| 90 | Firth's, | - P. M. |
| 91 | Jubilee, new, | - P. M. |
| 92 | Limefield, | - P. M. |







Burrows Plot
12/1/91

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